

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interrest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. He see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swiue.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger:
But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde,

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'ch' Ship-mans Card.

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-rost.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,

Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine,
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Glamis.

2. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor.

3. All haile Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not,
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1. Lesser then Macbeth, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo.

1. Banquo, and Macbeth, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By Sinells death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues:
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,

And these are of them: whither are they vanish?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.

Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?

Or haue we eaten on the insane Roor,

That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiu'd, Macbeth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reads
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayfes doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afraid of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy prayfes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,

To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?

Or not those in Commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.

But I haue spokt with one that saw him die:

Who did report, that very frankly hee

Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,

And set forth a deepe Repentance:

Nothing in his Life became him,

Like the leauing in. Hee dy'de,

As one that had bene studied in his death,

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,

To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:

He was a Gentleman, on whom I built

An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthyest Cousin,

The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now

Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,

That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,

To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,

That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,

Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,

More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,

In doing it, payes it selfe.

Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:

And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,

Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,

By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue

And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:

I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour

To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,

That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne

No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,

And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,

The Haruest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,

Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, Thanes,

And you whose places are the nearest, know,

We will establish our Estate vpon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,

The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must

Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,

But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine

On all deseruers. From hence to Enaynes,

And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:

Ile be my selfe the Herbeenger, and make ioyfull

The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:

So humbly take my leaue.

Banq. My worthy Cawdor,

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,

On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,

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For